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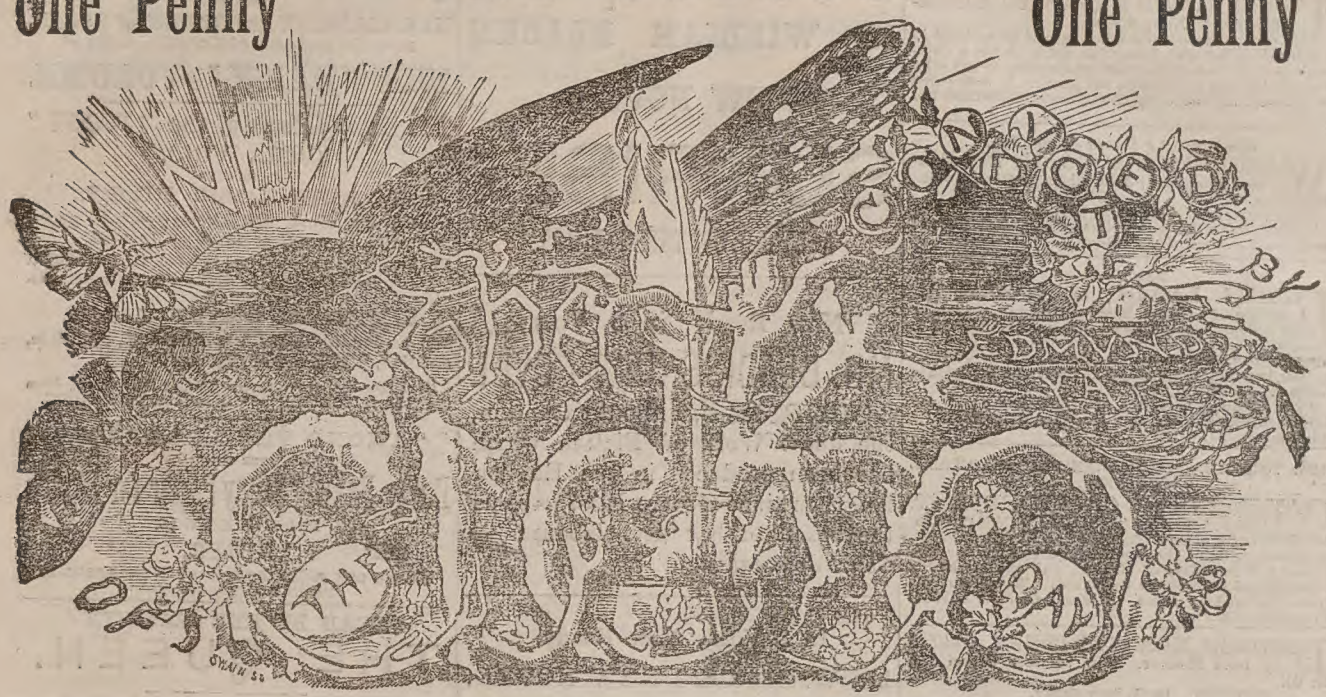

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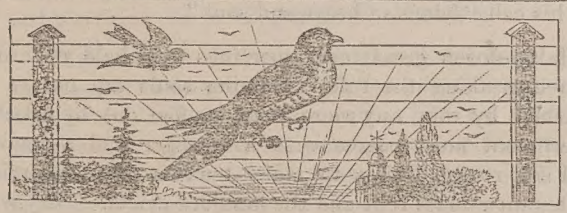


News from Abroad.

At the eighth attempt, the assassins have at last succeeded in killing the Czar of Russia.

A tall man wearing spectacles, and a short man by his side, both with their hands behind them, stand leaning against the railings on the bridge "to see the Emperor pass" from the Riding School. Suddenly, just as the horses have passed him, the little man makes a movement of his arm, then follows the roar of a terrific explosion. The Imperial carriage is shattered, the Cossack escort strew the ground, dead and wounded. The crowd rushes away to right and left. The police seize the little man, and there, left almost alone, is the Czar, standing unhurt by the railings on the bridge.

But not quite alone. For while the Grand Duke Michael and the special police officer are bending over the wounded escort, the tall man in spectacles steps forward; the Emperor sees him, recognizes on the instant that the man is his murderer, and cries for help. But it is too late.

With a gesture of the hand, as exactly calculated as if he had been going to throw a quoit at the peg, the tall man in spectacles pitches a second bomb-shell right between the terrified Emperor's feet—and the autocrat of all the Russias falls, shattered and dying.

The late Czar Alexander II. was sixty-three years of age. Nearly forty years ago he married the daughter of Louis, Duke of Hesse, who died last year.

A few weeks after her death the Emperor married the "Princess" Dolgorouka, by whom he had previously had a family of five children. These children were made "Princes and Princesses" also.

A few days ago the Czar was at Livadia in the company of this family.

But the Ides of March fell fatally this year for the great sovereign.

The superstitious Russians connect the murder with a brilliant star that has lately been observed in the evening, and is looked upon as a portent.

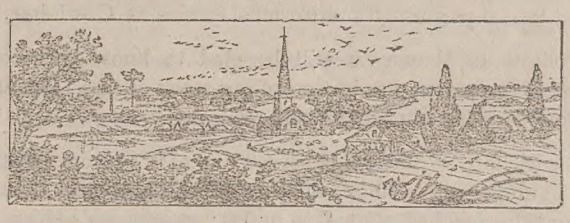
America is looking forward to a visit, at an early date, from Lady Coutts Bartlett. Her husband is anxious to display in his own country the trophies of his triumph.

The armistice with the Boers concludes to-night. If nothing comes of it, the Boers may be said to have distinctly scored off us by the eight days' rest.

An Athens correspondent tells us that the strength on paper of the Greek Army is, in round numbers, one hundred thousand of all arms; but the actual number with the colours cannot exceed seventy five thousand. This is made up of three thousand cavalry, four thousand artillery, two thousand engineers, about ten thousand commissariat, transport, hospital attendants, and gendarmerie, leaving, say, fifty-eight thousand infantry soldiers. The conscription has taken the population between the ages of twenty-one and thirty for the regular army, and between thirty and forty for the National Guard.

"I should say," he writes, "that in no other foreign army can more military dandies be seen amongst the private soldiers than in that now crowding the streets of Athens. One reason, perhaps, for this, and a healthy one, too, is that Greek ladies of birth and fashion seem to take a pride in being seen on the public promenades in company with their brothers or admirers in the uniform of private soldiers." This is just as it should be, Venus encouraging Mars.

It must not, however, be supposed because there is so much dandyism there is no discipline. There is an old saying and a true one, "The British army is held together by pipeclay."



News from the Country.

Malvern is anxious to have Dr. Gully back again.

We hear from Brighton, that "Antoinette Sterling was singing at the concert at the Brighton Aquarium, on Saturday afternoon, with the effect of rather thinning the audience at the Dome, where organ recitals were going on. The Corporation are, as usual, being pitched into about their organ."

The balance-sheet of "the eighteenth Brighton Grand Naval, Military, and Fancy Dress Ball of 1881," shows receipts £414, expenses £188, being over £200 for local charities.

Under the title of "The Society of the Rose" Sheffield is to have an organisation for the purpose of promoting the study and circulation of Mr. Ruskin's writings and to aid his practical efforts for social improvements.

Roses are the floral emblem of silence and of love. The society's motto should therefore be "Kiss and never tell."

A Conservative Club has been started at Cowes.

Mr. Hargrave, a gentleman "whip," who frequented the Lake district last summer, announces his intention of running a four-in-hand coach between Kiswick and Bowness during the coming season. Tourists may remember how dreadfully slow the district coaches were on this route.

A gas-fitter at Tunbridge was called in on Saturday to see to an escape of gas, and to find the leak he lighted a match.

It goes against the grain, rather, to sympathise with gas-fitters, but his widow is a fitting object of condolence.

Gravesend folk pay sevenpence-halfpenny for a sixpenny loaf, and are asking why this should be thus. It is difficult to say, unless it is because they are Gravesend folk.

Visitors to Scarborough, those of them who go to church, will miss Dr. Creser, the organist of St. Martin's. He has been secured by Leeds for its parish church.

What will Miss Anna Parnell say in reply to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin's pastoral? In it his Grace says: "Daughters of our Catholic people are called forth under the flimsy pretext of charity to take their stand in the noisy arena of public life. They are asked to forget the modesty of their sex and the high dignity of womanhood by leaders who seem utterly reckless of consequences." As the ladies are on the war path, an Archbishop or two in the way will not probably trouble them much, although it may have the effect of thinning the ranks of the Lady's League recruits.

Two Irish ladies had driven in to a dance from a district where some serious outrages had occurred quite lately. "Well, Miss H.," said a friend, "You have had some nice divarsions at Castle Island." "Yes; don't you think it very plucky of us to drive all this way to-night?" "Very, and unarmed, I suppose?" "Oh, no!" was the reply, "we had a jar of red pepper in the carriage with us—we always sleep with it beside our beds!"

General Sir James Browne presided at a dinner given at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde, in honour of Capt. Slade, "who performed meritorious service at Candahar."

Visitors to Ramsgate will be glad to know that considerable improvements in the rolling-stock of the L. C. and D. Company are in progress and prospect.

Sir Richard Wallace has served one of his tenants in the Rue Tailbout with a notice of ejectment because she, though a ladies' hosier, had offered to make "gentlemen's shirts to measure," and had announced the intention in her shop-window.

That it should come to this! Mr. James Morton, late merchant in London and Glasgow, and whose liabilities to the Glasgow Bank at its close reached the respectable total of two and a half millions sterling, is to be tried before Mr. Sheriff Cowan at Paisley to-morrow with cream-adulteration. Mr. Morton is the manager and only known partner of a concern called the "Public Dairy Supply," which he projected while yet in the ordeal of bankruptcy. The headquarters of the dairy are at Elderslie House, near Glasgow, Morton's residence for a good many years past, and held in lease by the prince of latter-day speculators from the trustees of the late Capt. Spiers.

It is confidently stated by persons well acquainted with the West of Ireland that the peasantry will not give up their arms without a fight.

There are two Mr. Dillons, one known in Parliament and one at the Irish bar, cousins John and Luke. Luke round-faced and happy; John solemn, dark, austere; Luke says *carpe diem*, but John carps at England.

Professor Dowden is writing a great work on Goethe. The Dublin literary world believe that it will be his best, taking the *pas* of "Shakspeare, his Mind and Art," with which he made his *début* into the Republic of Letters.

The Irish policeman is nothing if not dignified. There is nothing like him in England. His cast-iron countenance is the most immobile of things. Fancy the consternation of the people of Clonmel when, in open court, the other day, before Baron Dowse, a constable began to applaud an eloquent Queen's counsel—in the exordium of his speech, too.

The American Consul, who visited Mr. Boyton, is a favourite in Dublin. An outside of gloom conceals an inside of racy wit.

Mr. Boyton expects that Uncle Sam will see to his release, but Uncle Sam is probably not sorry to find his nephews taught to conduct themselves in foreign lands.

Brass bands are serenading the prisoners in Kilmainham. This is a mean travesty of something else. When John Mitchell lay in Mountjoy Prison, he heard at night the measured tread of ten thousand men who marched in silence past his cell "felons in heart and soul."

Half-a-dozen great mass meetings were held yesterday—fierce speaking the rule. Flaming souls are not to be quenched by rain, any more than snuffed out by articles. Government must coerce with a stronger and a heavier hand if it really desires to make tenants pay their rents, and tenant refuses rent and the landlord evicts. Very well. His bailiffs occupy the farm armed to the teeth. Ishmaelites in the Irish wilderness. The evicted tenant meantime encamps on the borders. There is always a scowl in the neighbourhood. Hence no banned farms are let and no rents taken.

News of Town.

Political.

Billingsgate will have cause to mourn should Mr. Warton's Bill become law, for the ring stands a good chance of being smashed. "The Bill for Regulating our Public Markets" is not altogether an innovation, as it virtually re-establishes the state of affairs before 1834, by prohibiting sale and resale in the same market.

Lord Rosebery, who occupied the chair, apologised for his party in regard to recent legislation. Coercion was very disagreeable, but they could not help it. Of course he did not let the opportunity slip for saying a few words in favour of Greece.

Save that Mr. Grant Duff expressed his opinion "that the Boers must lay down their rifles, or in other words must submit to the sovereignty of the Crown," there was nothing

of importance said at the Randolph Hotel at Oxford on the occasion of the Palmerstonian dinner.

Sir S. Northcote, in a letter addressed to his constituents, gives his reasons for objecting to the resolution for urgency to be proposed by Mr. Gladstone this afternoon, and concludes by stating that he sees no necessity for urgency on the supplies.

Sir William Palliser will probably give notice this evening of his intention of putting the following rather awkward question to the Prime Minister to-morrow (Tuesday) :—Whether Her Majesty's Government are of opinion that the interests of the country imperatively demand that the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, and Constantinople shall not be subjected to the ascendancy of Russia?

The Services.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, with the War Office behind him, is distinctly master of the situation.

Short service is, I know, a phrase of horror to an immense number, but after all our only general's facts are very serious ones, and if it is a fact that our army is rapidly improving under the short-service system, both as to age and physique, let us keep it on by all means.

In the House of Lords, Sir Garnet, or Lord, Wolseley will be able to do splendid work for the Government that as yet has done so little for him. But we doubt if this good soldier will think his peerage an equivalent for the Indian command which Sir Donald Stewart has managed to obtain.

The Indian army and India needs Sir Garnet Wolseley. Sir Donald, knowing that the War Office asks for masterly inactivity, will see that they get it.

This is Sir Donald Stewart's best recommendation to the post—leaving, of course, family interest out of the question.

In the meantime Sir Garnet will have a special officer at the Cape to see that the young soldiers are fairly reported on, and Mr. St. Leger Herbert will, no doubt, do good service.

Mr. Childers' son gave up his private secretaryship to go out to Africa as Sir Frederick's aide-de-camp, and his friends are saying he did a very fine thing. We fail to see it. Every young soldier worth his pipe-clay would have done the same.

Captain Arthur Cecil Fleming, formerly of the King's Dragoon Guards and 7th Royal Fusiliers, who died recently in Berwick-street, London, was for some time sub-inspector and captain of mounted police in the colony of Victoria, Australia. He married, on the 20th November last, at Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells, the Lady Buckley-Mathew (formerly Miss Gerard, of New York), relict of Sir George Buckley-Mathew, K.C.M.G., late British Minister at the Brazils, and of Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's-park, London. Lady Buckley-Mathew, after a brief married life of little more than a month, died at Brighton on Christmas-day, and in the space of ten weeks is followed to the grave by her second husband.

Dissatisfaction is the lot of Volunteers regarding the compulsory removal of ammunition from magazines throughout the country. It is said, with reason, that this step interferes to a serious extent with rifle practice, and fervent prayers are offered up that the authorities may have a speedy recovery from their present "Fenian" panic.

Captain Mayne bore testimony to his major's coolness and gallantry all through the Maiwand affair. But this was hardly necessary, as he had already, during the campaign, been twice mentioned honourably in dispatches.

At the same time, happily as the court-martial has ended for the honour of the Army, it will never be forgotten that the cavalry in that disastrous day did not seem to take a fair share of the day's fighting.

A similar complaint is now current with regard to the gallant 60th, in Colley's defeat at Majuba Hill, and it is certainly a point for explanation why the two companies of the regiment managed to come out of the fatal fight with only one man wounded.

In the New Quarterly (or "Age") Army List the senior subaltern in the list is Richard Armstrong, father of the colonel commanding the 70th Brigade Depôt; and the youngest subaltern is the colonel's son, the senior subaltern's grandson, also Richard Armstrong.

The death of General Charles Gascoigne, Colonel of the 72nd Highlanders, removes another of those fortunate officers who, under our anomalous military system, attained the highest rank in the army, with a regimental colonelcy to boot, without having seen any active military service or been employed in any administrative command. General Charles Ashmore, Colonel of the 30th Foot, also recently deceased, came under the same category; but in the selection of his successor, the Horse Guards have made an appropriate choice in the person of Lieut.-General G. V. Maxwell, C.B., who did good service with his regiment (the 88th Connaught Rangers) in the Crimea, and won the Companionship of the Bath for his services in command of that corps during the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. He was also in command of a brigade in Bengal from 186 to 1869 and at Aldershot from 1873 to 1873.

Everyone is glad at the result of the court-martial upon Major Currie, that acquits a gallant officer of the charge of "misbehaviour before the enemy amounting to cowardice." General Burrows' evidence went to show that instead of Major Currie being in fault for not charging when ordered, it was General Nuttall, if anybody, who was in fault.

The General, when receiving the order, replied that he could not charge, as the cavalry were out of hand.

Yet Major Currie was brought to court-martial for not doing that which his commanding officer confessed himself unable to do.

In the City.

Alexander Don Quixote McDougal appears to have buried the hatchet with Baron Munchausen Grant.

It appears that the legal gentleman who went out to Utah to investigate the title to the property has got snowed up, and some anxious shareholders are talking of sending out a few St. Bernard dogs to scratch him out.

A detestable project is on foot in the City to run the railway on from Chingford to High Beech. In other words, to break up two miles of Epping Forest. The arguments against are overwhelming; the one argument for is only this—that the Extension will land visitors at once in the midst of some of the loveliest bits of the Forest.

But if a man or woman will not walk two miles to see "the loveliest bits of Epping Forest," they had better stay at home.

A movement is on foot for organising a classification of dwelling houses, something after the fashion of Lloyd's Shipping List. If it could be managed, we should soon hear little about "jerry built" houses. But a very strong staff of surveyors would be necessary to bring up arrears, and a very independent one. At present there are surveyors, and surveyors.

East Wheal Rose shares are already at a premium—can it have occurred to any of the shareholders how much it will probably cost to pump these mines out?

At the present time, when railway travelling is universal, it may be of interest to learn to what extent the railway companies have paid "compensation for personal injury" during the past six months. From the official and unpublished tables of the railway companies, it appears that the London and North-Western Company paid slightly over £700 for every million passengers it carried; the Great Western paid £450 for every million passengers carried; the Great Northern spent about £300 as compensation for personal injury for every million passengers carried; and the Midland Company spent £1,100 for every million persons carried.

On lines where goods and mineral traffic predominate there is great variation—the North-Eastern Railway paying £350 as compensation for every million passengers, whilst the Lancashire and Yorkshire paid £1,200 for every million; the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire paying only about £60 to every million. On the little Metropolitan Railway the amount paid is comparatively trifling—about £6 per million passengers. This is probably the smallest sum in proportion to the passenger traffic that any railway company pays; and it cannot be doubted that it is largely because the traffic on the lesser lines is practically at one rate of speed. Where there are great variations in the rate of speed on double lines merely, there is rendered needful a continual shunting, which now and then brings about accidents.

A friend in the City gives as his opinion that, since "the experts" have failed to distinguish between artificial and real diamonds, the value of the latter has become a matter of mere sentiment. But we do not think the owners of the natural stones need be much concerned, for "the experts" were probably artificial and not real.

To-morrow being Founder's-day, the annual general Court of Governors of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest will be "holden" at the Hospital (in the City Road) at four o'clock. The Lord Mayor is in the chair.

An enterprising artist of St. John's Wood is engaged on a portrait of the Lord Mayor, but, as his lordship is of a somewhat fidgety disposition and pressed by numerous engagements, he is difficult to catch. In order to secure a likeness of the head and face the artist has, therefore, to dodge his victim about the Mansion House, sketching him at any favourable moment that presents itself. This sleuth-hound pursuit of Alderman M'Arthur excited the suspicions of the police, but they have been allayed.

For the figure, a more ingenious plan has been hit upon. His lordship is of a portly and comfortable build, and the artist, borrowing a set of the official robes, claps them on to the person of a stout commissionaire, who for the space of an hour or so on certain days in the week assumes the character of chief magistrate of London.

We hope it is not true that the Bluecoat Boys are to be deprived of their visit to the Mansion House on Easter Tuesday, and the glass of wine all round, and buns. The temperance people have been nibbling at successive Lord Mayors for several years past, and at last, if report be true, they have "got at" one who is half a disciple of Father Mathew. We don't believe the rumour about sundry Blues drinking an extra glass and feeling uncomfortable afterwards; and if "M'Arthur, Mayor," does not wish to make himself the most unpopular chief magistrate whose name has been echoed in the cloisters in Newgate-street, he will follow the usual course—unless, indeed, the serious illness with which the school has recently been visited should forbid it.

Once do away with the wine, and the "thin end of the wedge" which the City people are so fond of talking about will have been inserted. Who knows but that the packets of raisins and new pennies which sixty of the smaller boys are presented with as a reward for listening to a prosy sermon on Good Friday will be "disbolished," as a very common councilman once said?

When will the building mania in the City cease? Between the new Law Courts and Aldgate Pump there are literally thousands of offices to let, and yet speculators go on adding to the number every week. Even that fine pile of buildings in Cheapside belonging to the Mercers' Company does not "go off," and must be a rather heavy burden upon the owners, rich as they are, and first in precedence of the City Guilds.

Scene: The Ominous Club, Ludgate-circus. Member at tea-table: "Waiter, this coffee is not hot." Waiter: "Not hot, sir? It has not been made above twenty minutes." Member: "Ah, then, I suppose it has not had time to get hot."

Now that Mr. Fawcett has got about 3 per cent. profit on the investment in the Post Office Telegraphs, he might see about putting up a few fresh wires on some of the main lines, so that telegraphic despatches might occasionally get ahead of parcels by train. Our correspondent at Gravesend wired us at one o'clock on Saturday some interesting facts as to the visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to the *Exmouth*, but the message arrived here far too late for insertion. Although the S.E.R. only gets up an average speed of sixteen miles an hour on this line, yet it is a model of speed compared to the Post Office Telegraphs.

On Saturday the shareholders in the Darlington Iron Company, Limited, decided in favour of voluntary liquidation of the Company. The Company was formed in 1872; it purchased for the sum of £275,000 immense ironworks at Darlington, and declared a dividend for the following year at the rate of 31¼ per cent.—the sole dividend it has paid. The works were the largest in the north in the iron rail manufacture, and the collapse of that industry and the fact that they were bought when prices were abnormally high have ultimately caused the collapse of the company. In the year they were the most successful, the demand for iron rails was so great that in the north of England about 350,000 tons were made. But since then the growing cheapness and the longer "life" of steel rails have caused them to be preferred instead of iron, and thus, one by one, the whole of the iron rail mills of the north have been closed or transformed. The Darlington Iron Company put off the evil day by entering into the steel trade, but the fluctuations of value in the last year have caused a suspension to be inevitable, and it may now be taken for granted that the once great manufacture of iron rails in the north of England has for the present entirely given place to that of steel.

Law and Police.

A domestic servant in the employment of a dairyman in the neighbourhood of Cavendish-square, who had been imbibing a good deal of something stronger than milk, lost her balance whilst endeavouring to carry a quantity of things downstairs. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death."

It may be interesting to mothers to know that a perfectly healthy child, aged fifteen months, died on Saturday morning through inspiring a sudden draught of cold air, which, according to the medical evidence given at the inquest, produced spasm of the glottis.

A tailor struck a woman in the street the other day, and the magistrate fined him forty shillings, just as if he had been a whole man.

What old play is it in which the hero meeting eighteen tailors, calls out, "Come on; hang it, I'll fight *you both*"?

An application was made last Thursday to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the Horner Hill Gold Mining Company from completing the purchase of the property at the price fixed in the prospectus. Perhaps if Mr. Shallett, the plaintiff, makes a few inquiries as to the price at which the mine was offered to different promoters, he might be able to strengthen his case.

In consequence of the vacancy occasioned within the Bar at the Court of the Vice-Chancellor Bacon, by Sir Henry Jackson's removal, Mr. Marten, Q.C., late M.P. for Cambridge, has taken his seat in that Court.

Gossip of Town.

An American flirt at a German watering-place would have it understood that she was the sad cause of Lieutenant Roper's "suicide" at Chatham. As everything that has yet transpired goes to prove the lamented officer's death was *not* suicide, the American flirt's suggestion does not seem to have much in it.

His regiment have added another £100 to the hundred already offered for the discovery of the murderer.

M. de Neuville's picture of "The Defence of Rorke's Drift" attracted, while on view at Manchester, no less than 25,000 visitors, and M. de Neuville has confided to friends that he is glad he painted it and exhibited it at Manchester.

The hero of that defence has just had to undergo the agonising honour of being sent for to Windsor to show Her Majesty so much of the colours of the 24th as were rescued from the Zulus and the Buffalo River.

I had the honour, myself, of knowing the hero when at Rorke's Drift. He plays Nap as well as he fights.

To distinguish him from his brother, himself distinguished for personal bravery, he is called "Gunny," which is short for Gonville, one of his names.

He excels also in bottom-fishing, and was one of the very few men in all the army who could manage to catch the fish in the Buffalo. They were Zulu fish; but patience did it.

When at Sandhurst, Major Bromhead was called "Judgment," and, indeed, is so still, the reason being that, though every one else at the mess-table might be engaged in hot discussion, it was always found, when matters came to a climax, that Bromhead had preserved an impartial silence, and, under the circumstances, was always appealed to for the casting vote. It is of this reserved and self-reliant stuff that heroes are made.

But if Major Bromhead hates anything in the world more than unnecessary chatter, it is fuss. He would rather have had to defend Rorke's Drift again than face Her Majesty as the hero of the hour in Windsor.

Mr. Nesfield, the artist and landscape gardener, who laid out St. James's Park, as well as some of the ornamental portions of Kew and the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, is dead. He fought with Wellington in Spain in 1813.

They are making coffee out of dates just now. This coffee, I prophesy, will be out of date before long.

Fig chicory is the latest patent. In the name of the prophet—what next?

No Eastern gentleman of polite breeding would think of even mentioning date-stones to an Eastern lady.

Lord Rosebery has consented to take the chair at the next dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

The Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists is open to the public to-day. The address is 48, Great Marlborough-street.

Did Nuttall lose his wonderful silver helmet in the Maiwand scrimmage, I wonder? What a trophy it must have been for the fortunate Afghan! Mambrino's was a mere barber's basin compared to it!

If African lions were only some times a little more active and energetic, what a lot of money and trouble he might save us! Paul Kruger is a mighty hunter, and has slain any number of lions and elephants. One day, hunting near the banks of the Elephant River, he shot at a lion, and, having only slightly wounded it, the king of beasts lost his temper and went for him. Kruger only succeeded in escaping by jumping into the water.

The ordinary street vendor of literature pleases me. He offered me, in Fleet-street, on Saturday, "a new work by Aristotle." On reading his sandwich, I found that he was selling a new translation.

For the Purim Ball to be given in New York, at Standard Hall, the sale of boxes realised a very handsome sum, the four proscenium boxes fetching about £90 apiece.

This evening the annual "Purim Fancy Dress Ball" of the Sir Moses Montefiore Literary and Art Society takes place at the Freemason's Tavern. Every one who attends must be dressed, but fancy dress is not compulsory.

Lord Manvers has given his tenants another abatement of 15 per cent. on their rents, and yet they are not happy. Of course they are grateful.

The noted steel cutter yacht *Vanduara*, the champion in last year's first-class cutter matches, is, I hear from the north, not likely to be seen in southern yachting waters this coming season. W. Mackie, her captain, who so successfully commanded her last year, will have charge of the *Condor* yawl, and both boats will be raced on the Clyde, *Vanduara* continuing on what is known as the Northern Round, and competing at the Ulster and Kingstown Regattas.

May I ask the ever-courteous Superintendent of the British Museum to have his electric light turned on just a few minutes sooner than is done at present. My aunt among others finds the twilight very trying to her eyes.

What equivalent would our lady readers consider fair for giving up a settlement of £20,000 and £800 a year in pin money? Would a lover of seventy content them?

Handsome women at twenty-eight ought surely to have better prospects than that.

But whatever her age, she ought to be wise enough not to put down in private diaries what she does not want the public to read.

But the whole story is detestable, and it will be time enough when the petition for divorce comes on to learn the details—if any care to learn them at all.

Seldom, indeed, has a case been put forward so completely without reservation as this, and the whole story down to the day when the visitors, coming to luncheon, were politely informed by the servant that no luncheon was going to be served owing to domestic disarrangements, will be punctually retailed, in the chronology of the lady's diary.

Mr. Ashmead B. C. Bartlett desires to give the fullest contradiction to the report that an action for breach of promise has been brought against him. Such an action could only be used as an attempt to extort money, and would be resisted by every possible means.

It may be remembered that in connection with certain libels in a vile weekly paper called *Town Talk*, on Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West, Adolphus Rosenburg, about the month of September, 1879, received a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment. The sentence has just expired. Has this fact anything to do, I wonder, with the appearance of another indecent weekly journal now being hawked about the streets of London. The boys and men add confidentially to passers-by, as they announce the contents, that it is quite "equal to *Town Talk*."

The new club for women, "The Somerville," gave its first soirée a short time ago, and, how naif! each member was allowed to bring a gentleman. These ladies have evidently soon grown tired of their own sweet society, and have not been long in finding an excuse for introducing a few friends of the male persuasion.

If the young ladies who "operate" at the different telephone exchanges were aware that the conversations held by them with their various admirers were listened to by "*les autres*," they would perhaps be a little more reticent. The too susceptible clerks who send their soft messages along the wires in their employer's absence should also learn that they may inflict a substantial injustice on the object of their undesirable attentions. The inspectors may happen to be listening when these terms of endearment are vibrating in the metal discs, which replace the rosy ears of the young ladies themselves.

A new lodge—the Kennington Lodge of Instruction—held under the warrant of No. 1381, will be started to-morrow evening at the "Horns," opposite Kennington Park, commencing at half-past 7. Brother James Terry, the well-known secretary of the Masonic Institution for Old Men and Women, will, on Tuesday week, the 22nd, rehearse the ceremony of consecration in this new lodge.

A large spider cast its integument in the Zoological Gardens last week. At least, the secretary, who exhibited it at the last meeting, calls it "an integument," and one might suppose that he knew. But all the same, I have my own reasons for suspecting that the respectable insect in question had merely taken off its great coat for a while, and must have been very much disgusted at finding the secretary had walked off with it.

Mayors and local corporations, ladies, and others, will soon be giving over the practice of trying to intercept distinguished travellers if more of them follow the recent example of Sir Frederick Roberts and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

It comes cheaper nowadays to wear silver than steel. Owing to the destruction of forests, the increase of railways, and the use of iron in the building of houses, the facilities for getting killed by lightning, as shown in some German statistics just published, are becoming every year disagreeably increased.

General Roberts would not stay for anybody, and so the ladies of Teignmouth had to throw their bouquets at each other instead of at the hero. At Dartmouth the aldermen had their mouths all ready filled with compliments, but, as the train did not stop there, they had to swallow them.

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, again, went to Gravesend on Saturday, but, instead of waiting, for the *Lively*, went off on his own account to find a boat. When last recognised he was struggling through West-street to the ordinary boat to take the train from Tilbury to Grays.

I would draw the attention of the primary planet, Uranus, to the fact that it is a hundred years old to-morrow—just double the age of that other star, Mr. Toole. I don't know whether it is a teetotaller or not, but I do know that if it lives four years longer it will be just as old as Mr. Shepherd, who died on Saturday at Nottingham.

A man's skin, as I take it, belongs to himself whether it is on his body or off it; and much as I should hate to be flayed, I think the worst part of the process would be seeing some stranger making a drum-head out of it.

In *re* Archdeacon Dunbar, a lady exhibited at the last meeting of the British Archæological Association "a rubbing" from one of the brasses in a church, executed by herself. It represents, according to her own account, a priest of late date.

It is not generally known that the Boers, when out slave hunting, send their young men into the horrid work charged with peach brandy, just as the Afghan Ghazi goes out to assassinate thoroughly drugged with "bhung." They are sober enough, however, when they go into action, as their shooting shows.

In *single* "Nap" don't ever wait
For picture cards, but speculate!
And when the players number *three*,
Let them courageous pitchers be;
As oft on bad cards will they win,
As be by good ones taken in.
But if *four* men sit down to play,
Let sterner judgment guide their say;
Some check on pitching they should place,
Though they may always risk the ace.
While, if the players muster *five*,
Caution's the rule if they would thrive.
Near half the pack is given out,
And better pass, than pitch in doubt.

Who draws up the Mining Share List on the last page of the *Mining Journal*? I see the Kapanga Mine is quoted ¾ to ⅞, and the Mysore Reefs 1¼ to 1½. A Scotch quotation gives the prices—Kapanga 11s. 3d. to 13s. 9d.; Mysore Reefs 2s. 6d. prem. Evidently "canny" Scotland knows the value better than London.

"Consols" have again touched par.

Grave amusement is unfailingly afforded by the *Observer* in those droll little leaders, which always seem to be hcuckling at their own wisdom. This, anent the church of

St. Margaret's, Westminster, is delicious: "It could be wished that the whole church could be transferred to some other site. It is a very ugly structure, and inconveniently close to the Abbey, the view of which it obscures. But, on the other hand, its historic associations are so many and so numerous that to demolish it would be almost a sacrilege." That the historic associations should be not only *many* but *numerous* is, indeed, remarkable, and may be well worth considering, as the impartial sage so fairly puts it, "on the other hand." What a genially sententious old owl it is.

"SAYS THE SHAN VAN VOGHT."

"*A great number of persons are leaving Ireland, and others are preparing to follow their example, consequent on the passing of the Irish Coercion Bill.*"

—Journals, March 4, 1881.

I.

"Ye had better cross the say!"
Says the Shan Van Voght,
"Since the Whigs have gained the day,"
Says the Shan Van Voght,
"For rebellion will not pay,
Now that Forster has his way;
So be off without delay,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

II.

"To enrich us we had got,"
Says the Shan Van Voght,
"A most bewitching plot,"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"But though we'd have ye 'pot'
Ev'ry landlord of the lot,
There's no sense in being shot,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

III.

"If to Paris ye repair,"
Says the Shan Van Voght,
"Patrick Egan will be there,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.
"Of the 'bag' he has the care,
And ye'll get the best of fare
At the '*Colonnes*' or the '*Frères*,'"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

IV.

"If ye don't enjoy your meat,"
Says the Shan Van Voght,
"Ye will seem to own defeat,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.
"So when Patrick gives a treat,
Mind you fill up every seat;
You may drink as well as eat,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

V.

"Then, if frolicsome ye feel,"
Says the Shan Van Voght,
"Shake a loose leg at Mabille,"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"In a fiery jig or reel,
Show them how ye'd march and wheel,
With your liberating steel,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

VI.

"Don't waste a thought that's kind,"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"On the dupes ye leave behind,"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"They are simple, soft, and blind;
And ye'll come again, to find
They're still moulded to your mind,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

VII.

"And we'll bet—who'll hold the stakes?"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"That a century it takes,"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"Ere our simple Erin wakes,
And your coils from off her shakes,
As St. Patrick did the snakes,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

VIII.

"Let these thoughts your grief restrain,"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"As ye drag 'the length'ning chain,'"
Says the Shan Van Voght.
"For ye'll surely come again,
With fresh treasons in your brain,
All to rend our yoke in twain!"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

F. J. S.

It is a pity that Mr. Bramwell's name appears on the new Ordnance Select Committee. After the bursting of the *Thunderer* gun, he stumped the country to try to restore confidence, and he is too much committed to the Woolwich system.

Courts and Courtiers.

Her Majesty the Queen gave yesterday an audience to the Secretary of State for War. Mr. Childers had the honour of being included in Her Majesty's dinner party. The Rev. Frederick Manners Stopford preached before the Court in the morning.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was driving from the Charing-cross Station yesterday to Marlborough House, having just returned from Paris, when he met his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, making all speed from Clarence House to the station, to order a special train for Dover.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh started about half-past seven. A special steamer was waiting for them at Dover, and left at 10. A special train left Calais at half-past 11, and their Royal Highnesses are now speeding by special train to St. Petersburg, without stopping at Berlin.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold will visit Nottingham on the 30th June, to formally open the fine University Buildings which have just been erected in the town at immense cost. A brilliant ceremonial is in course of preparation for the occasion, and we hope H.R.H. will feel well enough, when June comes, to go to Nottingham to enjoy it.

H.R.H. the Princess Christian heads the list of lady patronesses of the Institution of Old English Embroidery, which will open next week in the galleries of the School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. In the meantime

the Viscountess Downe will receive at 39, Berkley-square, the exhibits of the public.

The Empress of Austria hunted on Saturday with Sir Watkyn Wynn's hounds, and enjoyed even a better day's sport than usual. An exceedingly large number of spectators turned out, the roads being crowded with carriages and pedestrians.

The Empress Eugénie will shortly proceed to Combe Lodge, Wimbledon, the residence of Mr. E. Laring, and will remain there until Her Majesty goes abroad.

Princess Frederica (Baroness von Pawel Rammingen) and infant continue to make satisfactory progress. Her medical attendants do not propose to issue any further bulletins.

Bettisfield Park, Whitchurch, where the body of the late Baron Hanmer is still lying unburied, was yesterday broken into by a number of men, who took possession of the premises on behalf of a Mr. Charles Hanmer, of Rhyl. Major Sir Wyndham Hanmer, brother to the deceased Baron, procured, however, the assistance of the police, and had the whole party summarily ejected.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who have returned from the Continent, called upon the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh yesterday, in order, we understand, to express their sympathy with their Royal and Imperial Highnesses under the affliction to which they have been subjected by the shocking death of their august relative.

A happy union will be formed between the old and new dynasties of Sweden by the marriage of the Princess Victoria of Baden, great granddaughter of the last wasa King of Sweden, with Gustavus Adolphus, the present Crown Prince.

At the Arts Club.

We would remind our readers that the first of the Lamoureux concerts is given to-morrow at St. James's Hall Madame Patey sings.

Senor Pinto is about to publish his travels. The narrative will be as important as astonishing.

Cervantes speaks of another Pinto, a Portuguese traveller too, as "the prince of liars."

But the present Pinto is no Munchausen. If he said his hair grew so long while he was crossing the Dark Continent that he could sit on it at the end of his journey, he would be within the truth. When I saw him at Pietermaritzburg, after a clean shave, comparatively speaking, it was about a foot long.

But the intrepid traveller did more than keep his hair on his head, he kept his head on his shoulders. And he was almost the only man of his large expedition that did.

Brighton ought to read Percy Fitzgerald's "Life of George the Fourth," for the "First Gentleman in Europe" has at last found a sympathetic biographer. The queen of watering places ought to buy the whole of the first edition, and burn it as incense under the nose of the effigy in the Old Steine.

But what a pity it seems to the moral mind that a book about such a man should be such irresistible reading.

A very successful statue in bronze, half life-size, of Mr. Henry Irving in the character of Hamlet has recently been [illegible] by Mr. E. Onslow Ford

Mr. Whymper has already twice told the story of his wonderful ascent of the snow-capped Chimborazo, the red-hot Cotopaxi, and other giant Andean peaks, and will shortly tell it a third time, with appropriate variations, to the Geographical Society. Mr. Whymper is quite prepared, we believe, to attempt the highest peaks of the Himalayas; but that would cost, he calculates, three years' time and £5,000.

I delight in Carlyle's writings; I detest their character.

All Americans hate him. Those that are honest Americans.

His books remind me of good pork gone to trichinosis. Indeed, his best friends—Scotchmen—consider it a compliment to him to say both he and his father were both Pawky.

In the first place, I do not believe as Carlyle did, that might is right; in the second, I cannot honour a man altogether who paid no honour to advanced science. In the third place I admire generosity.

Ecclefechan porridge is very much like Spartan broth.

But Carlyle ought to have been born in the days of the old Scythians, who measured a man's virtues with a tape round his biceps. He would have used a beef-steak for a saddle and eaten it for supper after a day's hard riding.

But *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and after all Thomas Carlyle always had his spear ready for every toad that he saw in his path and hated humbug.

Swinburne ought not to make fun of himself even in fun. The only stone tradition has to throw at Apollo was that he competed in the lower walks of his art with ordinary mortals.

Christchurch—"the house"—as the undergraduate delights to call it, has another book to itself called "The Story of St. Frideswide." She was a virgin—at Oxford—about 600 years ago. She is dead now.

We have to thank the publishers for a copy of "Sammlung *v.* Mikrophotographien auf der Londoner Ausstellung." But we should like to send them with a magnifying glass to the public prosecutor.

Mr. Russell Lowell, United States Minister in London would confer another signal service on literature if, when he takes the chair at the Literary Fund dinner, he would re-open the question of instituting an honorary degree for men of letters, for even the best of them would appreciate two more added to their names, just as artists do the R.A. This would be distinctly a "literary" honour.

By the way, I remember a speech which Hoshea Biglow delivered at a Savage Club breakfast not long ago, in which he began—"Whenever I am called upon to make a speech I feel that I possess the gift of oratory—but that I have left it at home," and went on to say that a model speech should resemble an Irishman's shillelagh, in being short "and going straight to the head."

If I remember rightly, he said Artemus Ward had said this before, but that does not matter. I give the honours to the man who cuts the diamond for my ring rather than to the other who turned it up with the pickaxe out of the drift.

Talking of the Savages, it reminds me that that "matchless company of all the talents" is flitting from the Caledonian Hotel to the new quarters in Lancaster House, overlooking the Savoy, on quarter-day. With the admirable

artistic talent at their disposal, their new rooms promise to be joys for ever.

I hope I am not unwarrantably availing myself of a confidence if I venture to pay a well-deserved compliment to Mr. J. Goodman, the Hon. Sec. of the Club. He is conspicuous for disinterested industry on the Savages' behalf, even among such hard-working colleagues as he possesses.

The posthumous poems of one of the most popular members of the Club, now, alas! gone *apud majores*, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, is passing through the press. The volume will, I am told, be dedicated to the Savage Club.

There was a very bright and lively dinner-party yesterday evening at the Arts Club, in Hanover-square. It was not a dinner of the whole club, but a private entertainment on a large scale, given to welcome Mr. J. L. Toole, who has recently been elected a member of the Arts. There was plenty of fun. No actor of the day is so personally popular as Mr. Toole, and no man living more thoroughly deserves the universal popularity he enjoys in society and in his profession. Mr. Frank Finlay was in the chair. Mr. Toole was in his best form, the *élite* of the Arts was present, and the evening was one to be marked with a white stone.

Mrs. Kendal reappeared at the St. James's Theatre on Saturday night, and received a most enthusiastic ovation. Though she was obliged to keep her arm in a sling, she was able to act with her old charm and grace. A large number of wreaths and bouquets was thrown to her, and three beautiful baskets of flowers were handed up by the orchestra, who joined most heartily in the general applause. During the performance there were repeated "calls" for Mrs. Kendal, and at the conclusion the curtain had to be raised three times before the *furore* of the audience could be allayed. Mr. Alfred Cooper, under whose kindly skill Mrs. Kendal has progressed so rapidly, was among the audience.

Miss Kate Santley, after all, will not reopen the Royalty. This lady, so Rumour said, was Mr. Mowbray's new lessee. Rumour was right; but the Royalty has been sub-let to Miss Lydia Thompson.

Those who do go to the Ascham Society will, no doubt, be there next Thursday to hear the Vicar of Greenwich lecture on whitebait and other educational agencies, and, if they survive this, to hear somebody else—but I cannot remember just now whom. But he lectures either on onions or unions.

Dr. Brewer says that his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" (12th edition) is "revised and corrected." Will Dr. Brewer give me fifty guineas for one thousand important revisions and corrections omitted in this edition? On second thoughts I will take pounds.

Swiss artists open an exhibition to-day in Bond-street.

What a chronicle of the modern "Demos," to use the language of the ancient Greeks (but it only means Society after all) Mr. Fenton might write. In his recent "Study in Sociology" he puts Tamar among the exemplars of Hebrew history, and gives us to understand that if Lot's daughters were neighbours of his he would not hesitate to introduce his sisters and his cousins and his aunts to them.

Mr. Tennyson went to see the Millais exhibition the other day, and speaks enthusiastically of some of the earlier works. I don't know whether he has yet been to *The Cup*, but I know that a few weeks ago he cherished the happy delusion that the success of the play was due entirely to its dramatic and poetic merits, not to the acting of it, and still less to the scenic accessories.

One would think there was a dearth of material for the lyric stage when one's senses of sight and hearing are continually assailed with the same old titles and the same old strains. Yet the number of operas written by celebrated composers is immense, as the following will show. The prolific Pacini, the composer of *Sappho*, has no less than 115 operas credited to him. On the list Donizetti stands next, with sixty-six works. Then comes Mercadante, who has the number 60 placed after his name; and Auber is the author of 44 operas. The next list of operatic works which lovers of music have delighted in, wholly or in part, is as follows:—Rossini elaborated 39 operas, Halévy 32, the Brothers Rici 37, and Verdi 27 (with more power to his elbow). Petrella penned 24 operatic works, Mozart 16, Meyerbeer 15, Wagner 12, and Gounod 11. The other celebrated composers have scarcely reached number 10.

A correspondent writes:—"I am surprised that no one has called attention to the terms which Mr. Irving demands for the opportunity (whatever it may be worth) of seeing him and Mr. Booth on the Lyceum stage together. A guinea for stalls! It is preposterous! Of course it may be said, 'You need not go,' but that is a reply which does not cover half the range which this proposal involves. If the public submits to these prices, the stalls of all the chief London theatres will be a guinea each before five years have passed away. In my capacity as one of the London public, I regard this a very dangerous move, and one that must not be tolerated, at all events, without protest.

Mr. Boughton, A.R.A., is going to paint a portrait of Miss Ellen Terry.

The popular pencil of Walter Crane has just finished a series of pictures to illustrate a poem which, under the title of "The First of May," a fairy masque, is to be published on the first day of summer by Henry Sotheran and Co. Report speaks in most eulogistic terms of this work, and declares it to be a masterpiece of fairy design.

Among the pictures of the coming Exhibition will be Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Hen and Chickens," a delightful girl group at play, and Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Holy Lion of Algiers," and "Life's Chequered Ways." The lion will be a feature of the great picture show.

It is rumoured that a lady, not unknown in the literary world, is studying under the best stage tutor of the day, for the part of Lady Macbeth. Stage tradition connects the part only with ladies severe in aspect and sepulchral in tone, and as a consequence few actresses are found to essay it. Tradition will have been run counter to for once, should the *début* which is expected take place. It is well known in the green rooms that Mr. Booth was obliged to forego a much-desired appearance in *Macbeth*, owing to the impossibility of engaging a lady for the chief feminine *rôle*.

Mr. W. G. Wills' new and original play, entitled *Juanna*, now in course of preparation at the Court Theatre, is to be produced on Saturday night preceding Easter, and those who have an opportunity of knowing and are able to judge, say that it is a really fine work. Wills is undoubtedly strong as a poetical dramatist, and, in my opinion, no theatre yet has ever given him a fair chance. To my own certain knowledge, some of his best things in blank verse have never been acted; but then, perhaps, Mr. Wills never meant that they should be acted—rather intended them as closet plays.

On more accounts than one it is well that Mr. Booth is going to the Lyceum. His treatment at the Princess's in

the matter of salary has, I believe, not been quite what he expected; and the inadequacy of the support given him in his performances has been the subject of sharp comment in all dramatic and artistic quarters.

Dr. Lenz, the German explorer, who recently made the remarkable journey in a few weeks from Morocco to Timbuctoo, has not yet returned to the Fatherland. True he arrived at Bordeaux on January 24 from St. Louis in Senegal, but almost immediately returned overland by Spain to Tangier to obtain possession of the valuable collections he had made during his journey, and to see safely home his companion, Shereef Sidi Bu-Thaleb, a nephew of Abd-el-Kader.

The opinion of the Germans, anent our recent reverses in the Transvaal, may be gathered from the last number of the *Berliner Kladderadatsch*. A humorous writer asks, "Where is England to look for help in her distress? Why, to Greece. In return for our good offices she might send another 'handful' of troops to South Africa, and enable us to hold our own against the Africander. Then, if Mr. Gladstone succeed in obtaining for Greece all she desires, the Hellenes might well show their gratitude by garrisoning Afghanistan, occupying Kandahar, and putting down the inert rebellion against our authority in Ireland. Though a mere skit, and not particularly witty, it well expresses the notions generally current in Berlin regarding our prestige and policy.

The Day's Amusements.

The Field trials this year promise to be more than usually interesting—no fewer than forty-one setters and fifty-five pointers.

The late winter was a terribly severe one upon the woodcock, who found on his arrival all his old living grounds frozen up. In the Western Highlands many of them died, and some are so emaciated that they dare not at present attempt a long sea flight to some warmer climate.

When we get an intermittent blue fever again, and the rival crews are practising on the Thames, and when people who know as much about rowing as a mackerel knows of his grandfather, are seriously discussing the chances of Oxford and Cambridge, how delightful it will be for us all that, instead of both crews being lodged at Putney, the Oxonians only will be in their old quarters, while the Cantabs are at Mortlake, four miles away. Charmingly novel arrangement, isn't it?—and most convenient for spectators.

An Exhibition of Sporting *v.* Hunting apparatus is to be held at Cleves, in Rhenish Prussia. Prince Hohenlohe Langenburg will exhibit himself as a specimen of the Rhenish Prussian sportsman.

Fishes are all rejoicing greatly to-day—for the close season commences from to-morrow. Anybody buying fresh-water fish after to-day stands liable, therefore, to a fine of forty shillings.

The Cambridge Eleven for the University cricket match will, I hear, be quite up to the average even of the past few years. The Hon. Ivo Bligh, Earl Darnley's second son, who has succeeded Mr. A. G. Steel as captain of the Light Blues, has been staying in Paris, but when, in a few weeks he goes into residence again, he will find a first-rate lot of men to choose from. First, there is himself, and a more brilliant out-field, or a more dangerous batsman on fast wickets does not exist. Then there is Mr. Allan G. Steel, who will play in all the matches, as will also Messrs. G. B. Studd, H. Whitfeld, C. T. Studd, and A. F. J. Ford; while C. P. Wilson, the fast bowler, will be available for the London matches. Bligh will therefore be able to count on seven of last year's eleven, and he will have no difficulty in supplying the places of P. H. Morton, R. S. Jones, O. P. Lancashire, and Foley, the wicket-keeper.

We shall now have the old joke again, I suppose, about "the three Studds being in the front"—sad, isn't it?

Another Light Blue Freshman will be Mr. H. B. Steel, of Repton School, a brother of the great A. G., and, I believe, senior to little E. E. Steel, of Marlborough, whose slow bowling is getting more like his famous brother's. It looks as if the Steels would some day be a famous cricketing family, like the Walkers, the Graces, and the Lytteltons.

Most of the men who are likely to distinguish themselves as cricketers at Cambridge next term are seniors, and among them are J. H. Payne, the wicket-keeper; F. M. Lucas, an old Marlborough boy, and a capital bat; F. Capron, a good bat from Rugby; F. C. C. Rowe, a well-known old Harrovian; W. N. Roe, of King's School, Canterbury, where he earned an immense batting reputation R. Spencer, the old Harrow fast bowler, and P. T. Henery, the little "nigger," who played so well for Harrow against Eton at Lord's.

Among the Cambridge Freshmen will be Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the eldest of the three brothers, who after he left Eton tried to like a mercantile life, but not being pleased with it, has now gone up to Cambridge to prepare for ordination.

The death of poor Fred Grace has caused a complete change in the United South Eleven. W. R. Gilbert is making some matches, but the team will be called the United Eleven of England, and will contain several Northerners; though it will not, I should think, be nearly so strong as the United North Eleven.

As I anticipated, the Scotchmen gave the English a thorough drubbing at football at the Oval on Saturday, winning the match by six goals to one. The match was, indeed, in their favour from first to last, though Bambridge, perhaps the most resolute and active player, managed by a determined effort to get the ball through the Scotch goal posts. The surprising play of the Northern men is the result of practice. They have not such a long cricket season as in the South, and the members of many of the clubs, indeed, play football all the year round. So closely do they work into one another's hands, or rather feet, that it is almost impossible to stop them when they get away with a good run, and they are most adroit in kicking goals.

Harry M'Neill, of the Queen's Park Football Club, was one of the winning team. He has played in the match for many years, and is perhaps one of the fastest forwards that ever was seen following a ball.

The blazing match at the Aquarium still continues. On Saturday night the Doctor took a slight lead of Scott. The score stands at the finish:—Carver, 3,865; Scott, 3,857.

The committee of the Gun Club must now be perfectly satisfied that the balling of shot did not result from the using of Schultze powder, but from the manner in which guns were loaded. Some young fellows seem to

be of opinion that by placing half of the shot used between wads that it is more closely carried. So it is evidently, for it forms a bullet or ball, and goes a long way further than the loose shot. The result of the trial must now be very gratifying to Messrs. Schultze, who have suffered considerably from the premature action of the Gun Club Committee in attributing this dangerous fault to an article of their manufacture now so much coming into use amongst sportsmen.

I hear with regret that our champion cricketer, Dr. W. G. Grace, will be unable to play in either of the three great benefit matches this season—Jupp's, Lillywhite's, or Oscroft's. The public will have to get used to Grace's absence from big matches. He finds his medical practice in Bristol growing, and he can't afford to be away so much as he has been.

A very bad light prevailed at Wormwood Scrubbs on Saturday, when twenty-two gentlemen of the Gun Club competed for the Fourth Winter Cup, Mr. Maxwell (23½ yards) was, at the conclusion, the winner of the first prize of £40, and is the holder of the Cup, which has to be won twice ere it becomes the property of any one.

A capital race was rowed on the river on Saturday between the Eton College Trial Eights and a crew of Old Etonians. The course was between Datchet and Windsor. The *Victory* won the first heat by a length. Subsequently, the *Prince of Wales'* crew beat the Old Etonians.

War Paint and Signorina have both been backed for large sums for the Lincolnshire Handicap by their owner.

When all the difficult matters are adjusted Kaleidoscope will be found the pick of the Russley team for the great Carholme event.

Jupiter Tonans will be ridden by I'Anson in the Grand National, for which event he has become first favourite. It required all I'Anson's skill to get Abbot of St. Mary's home at Croydon, and no less accomplished a jockey is likely to make him successfully negotiate the Aintree country.

It is a pity that Liberator is under a cloud, as fit and well, and money matters all right, it is difficult to see where among the lot likely to oppose him, his conqueror could be found.

The Children's Burlesque Company business is in danger of being over done. It may be very amusing to see a little thing go through an old man's part, like that of Gaspard, but it is not elevating. After all, you cannot see children in better parts than in their little fireside frolics. Let the little things cross *Pons Asinorum* before they enter upon the hard business of life.

Yet Mr. Bernard's little boys and girls are certainly very clever.

Owing to the severe snowstorm, and the consequent blocks on the railroad, the Fiery Cross lighted in London has only just got to Perth, where the battle of the Tartans has commenced. The heather is on fire, a big meeting having just been held at Glasgow. Other meetings are also being arranged.

There's the Grants of Rothiemurchas,
Every one a sword and dirk has,
Every one as proud's a Turk is,
Ffum fum feedle fum.
There the Grants of Tullochgorum,
With their pipers on before 'em,
Proud their mothers was that bore them,
Fum fum feedle fum.

The proceedings at the dinner of the Palmerston Club on Saturday night appear to have been rather tamer than usual. The Palmerston was started a couple of years ago by a few philosophic Liberals among the Undergraduates, led by Lord Lymington. A weekly meeting is held during term, at which the young statesmen read papers on abstruse subjects and discuss them, undisturbed by Tory opposition. The inaugural banquet was attended by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Cardwell, and Lord Coleridge, and as one of the speakers on Saturday pointed out it was really the opening of the Prime Minister's famous campaign. Mr. Gladstone at that time rather "chaffed" the young Oxford Conservatives for calling their club "The Canning;" but what would Lord Palmerson say if he were to find his name attached to an institution of which Professor Bryce, for example, is a prominent supporter?

The odds on the Oxford and Cambridge boat race seem to take erratic turns, as, while 6 to 4 is freely accepted on the "Stock Exchange," 2 to 1 is as freely accepted at Manchester.

As some misapprehensions appear to exist as to the Oxford and Cambridge annual sporting events, and consequent dinners, &c., we may state that the billiard matches take place at Beechey's Rooms, Oxford, to-night (Monday), and Tuesday; the Oxford and Cambridge sports at Lillie Bridge on Thursday, the 7th of April; and the boat-race at Putney on Friday, April 8.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat race jubilee dinner will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the evening of April 7, on which date the athletes of the University will also dine together in town. The crews will, it is understood, have their annual dinner on the day of the boat race quite independently of the "Ancient Mariners." The other inter-University events we must leave to later on, as they are not definitely settled.

The Oxford crew will, we learn from good authority, eave Oxford during the week for Taplow Court, where they will, as of late years, again be the guests of Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P., an old Oxford "blue" and ardent sportsman. During their sojourn at Maidenhead but little information of their doings will be afforded the public, as the Press seem always to ignore the *interregnum* between the Oxonians leaving the Isis and arriving at Putney. However, the *Cuckoo* will be well informed on the subject.

A correspondent writes to us that the prospects of fishing in Lake Windermere this season are extremely good. Disease amongst the fish has almost disappeared, and trout and salmon are said to be very plentiful. If somebody could only hit upon an idea for improving the weather at the Lake district, Windermere would be all that could be desired.

Sir James Bain is, I hear, likely to be elected captain of the Glasgow Golf Club for the ensuing year. The annual meeting of the Club, at which the election takes place, will held in a few days.

Christopher North could not stand Kean's acting, but was too severe in his criticism. He concludes an article on him as follows:—

"His croaking tones, his one, two, three, hop-step to the right, and his equally brusque motions to the left, his retching at the back of the scene when he wanted to express passion, his dead stops in the middle of sentences, his *hurre, hurre, hurre, hop, hop, hop*, over all passages where sense was to be expressed, told amazingly. Now, when Irving and Booth are keeping the critics at work

what will they think of the above? It occurs in a critique upon Edmund Kean in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

We go no farther, having nothing to do with Kean, except to expose quackery, puffing, and humbug. He is going down very fast, and we flatter ourselves that his life (this autobiography of his) though intended for a different purpose will freshen his way a trifle down the ladder of popularity.

Poet Close is yet alive, though such may not be generally known, and still carries on his "literary" work, notwithstanding the efforts of a weekly organ some years ago to extinguish him. Everybody remembers the farce when he got his pension, which, however, he did not long enjoy; now his most recent performance has been getting a sovereign out of the Empress Eugenie, as the following letter, which he has received, will show:—"Camden-place, Chislehurst, March 5, 1881.—Mademoiselle Menrisse presents her compliments to Mr. Close, and is instructed by Her Majesty the Empress to thank him for his (last Christmas) book, and to send him £1 for his expenses."

Churches and Churchmen.

Cardinal Manning preached yesterday at the Kensington Pro-Cathedral the first of a series of sermons, which are to be energetically continued every week-day afternoon, at four o'clock, for the next fortnight.

Lent is making itself felt, and of this there is no better evidence than the attendance at St. Paul's Cathedral mid-day services. There must be something attractive either in the preacher or the place which can summon to church fifteen hundred or two thousand busy men at one o'clock in the day. The preachers are changed week about, and from to-day till Friday the Rev. T. B. Dover, a well-known and able High Churchman, will occupy the pulpit.

St. Peter's, Eaton-square, does for men and women of fashion what St. Paul's does for people of business. The feature there for the next fortnight will be the Instruction, on Wednesdays, at 5, by Dr. Barry, the newly-appointed Canon of Westminster. Other events to be noted this week are the stations of the cross at St. Alban, Holborn, on Tuesday, at 8; Canon Farrar, at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on Wednesday, at 12, and at St. Andrew, Holborn, on Thursday, at 8.15, Father Benson, at All Saints, Margaret-street, on Thursday, at 11; Mr. Boyd Carpenter, at Whitehall, on Friday, at 12; and Bach's Passion Music at St. Anne, Soho, on Friday, at 8.

There are rumours of a trial for conspiracy arising out of a recently-decided clerical *cause célèbre*.

Anybody on the look-out for a real intellectual treat might do worse than listen to Dr. Vance Smith on "Worship and Prayer" at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, at four to-morrow. This is one of a series of Unitarian lectures on positive aspects of religion.

The writer of this paragraph paid a round of visits to City churches on Sunday mornings recently, and in no case did he find more than thirty persons present. In the majority of instances the "congregation," numbered from six to sixteen or twenty. There are fifty or more churches within the radius, of which not one in seven fills; and the stipends of the clergymen range from £300 a-year (extremely few so low as that) to £2,600. How long will such abuses be allowed to continue?

Here is another item to add to the scandals we cited on Saturday with respect to City benefices. Near where the old London Tavern stood a few years ago there was a church which was removed under the Union of Benefices Act. The rector of that church, who lives far away from London, receives as stipend still no less a sum than £1,950 a-year; £350 as interest on the money which the ground of the rectory house fetched, besides the value of a house in Finsbury-square provided for him to live in, but which he lets. Nor is this quite all. Some "pious donor" many years ago left a sum of money to be distributed on a certain day yearly, with £2 for the parson to preach a sermon. The rector does not officiate, but *he takes the £2!*

In consequence of the Scotch deputation having set in with considerable vehemence, Pimlico has become a very wilderness of Scotch ministers, stern and wild These deputies from Caledonia are especially astir on Sunday mornings, the object of their active quest being apparently clean collars.

What is the meaning of this? "The Rev. H. Pahtahquahong Chase, hereditary chief of the Ojibiway tribe, President of the Grand Council of Indians, preached at Finsbury Park."

St. Vedast, Foster-lane, still awaits a new pastor. The Rev. T. P. Dale has accepted a living in Lincolnshire, "for conscience sake."

The Armeno-Catholic schism is fast becoming extinct. Twelve priests, all the remaining bishops of the anti-Hassounite sect, have made their submission to the representatives of the Pope, and have come under the domination of the Church of Rome. The anti-Hassounite Church is occupied by gendarmes.

Dean Stanley's new book, "Christian Institutions," is a grand effort of liberal theology. What he says is just what men of the world are thinking; but there is added the charming accessories of wide sympathy and apt illustration.

Father Ignatius is still irrepressible. The reverend gentleman opened his eight days' mission at Bournemouth yesterday, when about 500 persons attended. He declared that he was not a Protestant, and described himself, somewhat vaguely, as a "Christian." There was a large attendance in the afternoon.

Is it not possible for the police to put an end to the disgraceful practices so common in some of the great thoroughfares of the metropolis on Sunday evenings? A few years ago the High-street of Islington was notorious for the horse-play of the roughs who frequented it, and it is not much better now. The nuisance has spread eastward to Kingsland-road, and eastward again to the main thoroughfare of Hackney. On Sunday evenings the footways are packed with youths, whose chief business it is to hustle and insult every woman who passes.

Owing to the lamented death of the Czar, the Lord Mayor's banquet to the City Companies on Wednesday next will be postponed for a week.

A Cabinet Council is summoned for to-day.

Vice-Chancellor Malins has resigned his post.

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WAR!!!

"O World!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?"
—Byron.

THE COST OF WAR.—"Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town and endow it; a college in every state and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend, like a universal holocaust, to heaven."—RICHARD.

"WHAT is more terrible than War?" "I will tell you what is ten times, and TEN THOUSAND TIMES more terrible than War—Outraged Nature. She kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Man has his courtesies of war; he spares the woman and child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful, but most good, reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently, she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man with the musket or the pick-axe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering, the mass of preventible agony of mind and body, which exists in England year after year!"—KINGSLEY. How much longer must the causes of this startling array of preventible deaths continue unchecked?

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.

"Clifton Down Hotel, near Bristol, Gloucestershire, February 10, 1881.
"SIR,—Having travelled a great deal in my life, and having suffered a great deal from poisoned blood and want of appetite, I was induced by a friend to use your WORLD FAMED FRUIT SALT. I was immediately relieved, and am once more hale and healthy. I shall never be without a bottle again on my travels. I am too pleased to repay you in some way for your wonderful invention by giving you full use of my testimony to the above.—Sir, I am yours gratefully, Dr. J. HANSON, M.A.
"To J. C. ENO, Esq."

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